

THE HERALD.

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AN EXTRA, FOR SOUTHERN AND WESTERN CIRCULATION, will be ready in a few days. Merchants who wish to join will please send in their Advertisements as soon as possible.

Nearly a column of new advertisements came in last evening too late for insertion. Have patience, or send in earlier.

HIGH PRICE OF PROVISIONS.—For several weeks past—perhaps months—a general and a just cry has been raised in every family, and throughout the city, against the exorbitant price of provisions as sold in the Fulton and other markets. On almost every occasion these high prices have been attributed to a combination among the butchers who occupy the stalls in the various markets. Mutton, beef, veal, &c. have shot this year far beyond what they were in former years. Every family in town has felt it, and particularly every poor family. Many have inquired—what is the reason? Can you tell the causes? but until recently, the affair was involved in thicker than Egyptian darkness.

Fortunately, however, we have, by the superior scent of that unerring long nose with which God Almighty has blessed our race, at length discovered the true causes of the high prices of meats and similar provisions in all our markets, a calamity with which New York has been afflicted for the last six months.

The Butchers and Drovers' Bank is managed by a small body of men, who, in conjunction with the Courier and Enquirer, have contrived to erect a complete monopoly in the articles of beef, mutton, &c. coming to New York. The manner in which the Courier lends itself to us gross a deception and imposture as ever was palmed off upon an insulated community, is this:—False reports are regularly published in that vehicle of untruth and stock gambling, of the prices of cattle, sheep, &c. This report is made for the purpose of preventing country drovers from bringing their cattle to the city. The great circulation and hitherto good commercial character of the Courier have facilitated the promulgation of these false reports of prices, dated at the "Bull's Head, in the Bowery." Meantime the confederates in this hateful monopoly of the very necessities of life, send private emissaries through the country to buy up cattle of all kinds at low prices—they are brought to town—sold to the honest butchers in our markets at \$9, \$10, and \$12, and reported next day in the Courier as having been sold at \$5, \$6, and \$9, in order to continue the deception upon the country dealers, and tax the people of this city with the difference between the real and reported prices.

We pronounce these facts the solemn truth, and we challenge a contradiction by the big bloated Courier & Enquirer to any of the material statements now made.

It will be seen, therefore, that in conjunction with some of the managers of the Butchers & Drovers' Bank, a system of avarice and extortion has been erected, which is felt by every family in this city, and particularly by the poor, many thousands of whom, in consequence of this crying wickedness, go cold and supperless to bed, while the prime managers are quaffing their wines, and making the night hideous with their orgies. The honest butchers who do the hard work in our markets, are innocent of these high prices. It springs from the speculators of a bank, and of a newspaper establishment. Whether the editor of the Courier & Enquirer participates in this monstrous, this unheard-of monopoly, we have no means of knowing at this moment; but, from the personal knowledge we have of the rapacious character of the man—from the knowledge which the public has of him—from his past history in stock gambling of all kinds, we do not believe that he would allow his paper to be used by any beef or Bull's Head speculators, unless he had the first cut from the fattest part of the rump, or sirloin. If he does participate, we hope he will be able out of the profits of these beef speculations, to pay up his differences in Wall street, and be for once an honest man, even if every poor family in the city have to help him out in balancing his accounts. If he will do so, he shall be honored hereafter with the lofty title of Major General of the Bull's Head Beef Market, instead of a simple Colonel of Militia.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.—The enterprising manager of this little *multum in parvo* has lately produced a new piece entitled "The Vision of the Dead," which has been got up in a style certainly not inferior to any we have seen in this city. The scenery is certainly beautiful, and the piece throughout one of the most thrilling interest. The sea scene more especially, is the most beautifully managed one we ever saw either in this theatre or any other in this country. We advise all persons who are fond of good acting and interesting plays, to attend this theatre, for the stock company is superior far to the heavy, dull lumbering idiots called actors at the Bowery.

About 500,000 passengers travelled on the Liverpool Rail Road last year. How many on the Camden and Amboy?

Nothing but rail road charters passing in the Southwestern States. They are on paper and parchment, when will they exist on dry land?

Miss Phillips is playing the legitimate drama to thin houses at Mobile—Celeste procured her in the legitimate pantomime and took the stakes.

A MYSTERY.—The Sun for several days has been talking mysteriously of something very curious at the Bowery and Franklin Theatre. On making inquiry at the proper quarter, we find that this curiosity—this mystery, is nothing but a "Man bat" who has occasionally made his appearance in the lobby and punch room of both establishments, to the great amusement of every person frequenting these places. The habits of the man-bat are peculiar. He has a peculiar appetite for pouring watery liquids down his throat—then talking love to the old ladies—and sometimes alleging that he is the editor of the Sun. He also talks learnedly on astronomy and optics—"the mechanical transfusion of magnified artificial light," &c.—and sometimes flaps his wings in great style. His mode of sleeping is also peculiar—the real "vespertilio-homo" sleep, with his head on one side, hanging over his chair—his arms dangle down, and the pretty bar maid looking quite funny at him.

We trust our worthy indicted cotemporary of the Sun, will cage the man-bat in future, and prevent his personating him hereafter at the Franklin and Bowery theatres. He might be exhibited.

The store 281 Pearl street, burnt some time ago, has been rebuilt on the same pillars, which were uninjured, the whole interior of the store was destroyed. Also, the stores 200 and 211 Pearl street, burnt a year ago. The granite remained nearly whole, while all the brick front fell in, and was destroyed.

MARIA MONK, is quite busy making converts to the truth of her nunnery story. Maria is a better canvasser than Howe & Bates—her net of conversions are quite formidable. Whether her story is true or false, it is evident she is a smart girl—pretty too as we hear, and talks eloquently on her past life and singular adventures. She visits round town, and is quite a pretty little lion in her way. She throws Rosamond entirely in the shade. Who cares for a widow? Faugh! Mr. Theodore Dwight could not help writing a droll book at the dictation of such a pretty girl. We should like amazingly to have a little of her dictation ourselves—a few paragraphs by way of a sample. It is true, we hardly believe her story—but the ingenuity of constructing such a fable, evinces original talents. *Aprpos.*—Maria we understand, intends to visit Doc. Sleight's lectures this evening, at the Mulberry street Chapel. We must not miss taking a peep at her, if we can get through the crowd. We can pick her out from ten thousand—her dress and her age—but that we shall keep to ourselves.

SNOW—SNOW—SNOW.—Truly we believe the snow spirit of Moore has taken up his residence in this devoted city. When it first commenced snowing, about a month since, poets, painters, and the ladies were loud in their praises of its "fine whiteness," "virgin purity," &c. &c. But the spirit, rendered vain by the praises so lavishly bestowed upon him by every body, has gone too far. We are fond of a good thing, but in verity, "too much of a good thing is good for nothing." In addition to three feet of snow already packed in our streets, it commenced again on Tuesday night, and from all appearances, we are likely to have three feet more, ere it is done. Many of our streets were previously almost impassable, and now, unless the thick headed fathers of our city take some means of having the snow cleared away, they will soon be utterly useless as streets. Every hour in the day, some accident of one kind or another occurs. Upsetting of sleighs, breaking of limbs, and jeopardizing of lives have become so frequent, that a person passing by, rarely thinks of stopping to inquire how it chanced. Now too is the time for the rich and generous to open their hearts, and relieve the misery of hundreds. Let some of those who live in luxury, take one single look at the Commissioners of the Alms House, and if the sight does not arouse every feeling of sympathy and humanity, and induce him to extend his charity to some of the miserable wretches there, "Let no such man be trusted."

Invalids, don't forget that Dr. BRANDRETH removes to No. 1 Spruce street, next door to the Sun Office. Mr. Day try a box of his pills—only 25 cents—they may cleanse you and make you decent—who knows?

SIGNOR VIVALLA last night at the little saucy Franklin, beat all hollow Roberts in feats of equilibrium and plate balancing, and thus saved a thousand dollars.—Roberts, like a philosopher, took a sling and said, "I don't care." Why cant they arrange it so behind the curtain that Roberts shall gain the next contest? Don't humbug too much in one day.

The "Southern Literary Messenger," for February has come to hand, and a careful perusal of it fully warrants our saying that it ably sustains its previous well earned reputation. It will doubtless, soon rank among the very first periodicals in our country, and we shall always be pleased to hear of its success.

A DEATH.—In Dauphin, Penn., John Funk was killed by cutting the ice from his water wheel. His brother, Peter Funk, is alive and kicking in every auction store here.

The play going public, and those who desire to give substantial proofs of their encouragement of native talent, are reminded that to-night the benefit of T. S. Fay, Esq. author of Norman Leslie, takes place at the Bowery Theatre.

Is not Mr. Coddington the post office candidate of the Abolitionists? Can any body tell?

[Correspondence of Hudson's Merchants' News Room.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1836.

Despatches were received at a late hour last night by the President, from Mr. Vail our Charge d' Affairs at London, which inform that the annual Message of the President of the United States, was kindly and generously received at the Court of France, and that the King's Government was ready to pay the Treaty Stipulations of July 4, 1831, whenever demanded by this country. Thus you will see that all our troubles are at an end.

It is now reported and generally believed, that the nomination of Mr. Stevenson, as Minister to England, will be confirmed, and that a Minister to France will also be put in nomination. Rumor, points to Mr. John Quincy Adams, as the probable nominee to the Court of St. Cloud, but I should hardly suppose an act of the kind possible. The nomination, is in all probability based on the support that Mr. Adams has recently given to the administration.

Both Houses have been engaged to day with the Abolition Question; and the debate in the House has been distinguished by great personality and violence. It was called up in the House, by a petition offered by Mr. Briggs of Massachusetts, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and which he said he wished referred to the Select Committee, appointed under the resolution of the Hon. Mr. Pinckney of South Carolina, which Committee you will recollect has cognizance of all such documents.

Mr. Wise of Virginia, objected to the reception of the petition and urged the objection at some length, and took occasion to say that he hated and scorned Mr. Pinckney as a deserter of the interests of the South.—Mr. Wise was here called to order, and directed to take his seat. For some minutes he refused to do so, but finally yielded, when a long and an angry debate took place on the propriety of allowing him to proceed. The question whether he should or should not proceed was finally taken by ayes and noes, and was decided in the affirmative by a vote of 121 to 97. Mr. Wise carried his ends in defiance of all the rules of decorum and order. The insult given to Mr. Pinckney would probably lead to something very serious, if that gentleman were not a man of piety and a member of one of the religious societies of the city of Charleston, S. C.

Gen. Jackson is very much enraged about the Bank of the United States and does not hesitate to say many unkind things about the course now pursued by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, is preparing an elaborate defence of himself, in reply to the many attacks that have been made on him by members and by the public press. It will be delivered as soon as he can get an opportunity to do so.

INDIANS AT A PLAY.—The Georgetown Metropolitan, has the following account of a party of Indians at a play in that city.

In the 2d act takes place the grand dramatic spectacle of the coronation of Powhattan, and an Indian pantomime dance by all the characters. This greatly delighted the aborigines, who gazed on every movement with eyes that spoke rapture, and with contortions of pleasure in every limb. One young warrior, especially, gave vent to his feelings by a shrill shriek of applause, which had an irresistibly ludicrous effect upon the audience. One stern and athletic chief, who we understood was the head of his tribe, in particular, presented a spectacle absolutely terrible in the absorbing attention with which he regarded the combat, bending forward with distended eyeballs, clenched teeth and a compression of muscular energy which seemed as if his fingers would bite through the moulding of the box by which he supported himself—breathing all the time with great suppression of effort, that plainly showed how ardently he longed to mingle in the deadly conflict—till finally giving full way to the terrific passion, which every one saw had been roused within him, he appalled the audience, by pealing out with his companions the dread war whoop of his nation—and used such hideous demonstrations as plainly showed how much he had worked to possess himself of the scalp of poor Percy.

ENGRAVING AND THE FINE ARTS.—The following is from the Mobile Advertiser:—

"A chap calling himself Wm. Fairthorne, has within a few days decamped from this city leaving several persons of our acquaintance in the vocative as to their running accounts with him. He passed himself off here as an Engraver, and it would not be strange if he should set up for something of that sort in N. Orleans, before many days. He is an Englishman by birth, and a huge eater by education, has light hair rather disposed to curl, large grey or blue eyes, and a tolerable wide mouth. Although he is a squat figure, not likely to improve by age, he looks full as well in the distance as near at hand."

SMALL AUCTIONS.—We are receiving complaints every day in relation to the impositions practised by certain small auctioneers down town. Can any person give us the facts as vouched for? Can any body shew us the interior of their machinery? Can any body turn these nuisances inside out? We are informed that each of these small imposters has several stout fellows to make bids—talk up their goods—deceive the countrymen, and sometimes to kick them out of doors when they resist impositions. We want an accurate list of the individuals concerned—and a full development of the system practised.

Great complaints in the South of not receiving the New York papers. Whip up Amos Ken tall.

The tolls on the Pennsylvania Canals are estimated this year at one million of dollars—one-third arising from freight of goods from New York.

POLICE—Wednesday.—MORE TRADES UNION.—Messrs. Scofield, Edgerton, & Frost, merchant tailors of this city, appeared yesterday at the police office, and made affidavits against the following persons, journeymen tailors, members of the Trades Union, who were brought up on a charge of riotous and disorderly conduct, in attacking and abusing their journeymen in their employ. From the various affidavits, it appears that Stephen Norris, C. Abban, P. Moss, J. Bassey, and John Bromberger, all journeymen tailors, now on a strike, has been for some time connected with a number of persons, who were in the habit of watching the stores of the merchant tailors, and abusing and insulting their men in their employ, and threatening to punish them if they continued longer at work for their present employers. The whole tenor of their conduct, was of the most outrageous and disgraceful character.

The persons above mentioned, are only a portion of a large gang who are regularly employed night and day, in watching the stores of the principal merchant tailors in this city, in order that they may learn the names and places of residence of the men who dare to work at any other than the prices, which they as members of the Trades Union have laid down. They were all held to bail in a large amount, to appear and answer at the next sessions, for their riotous and disorderly conduct.

POLICE, Monday.—On the morning of the 12th inst, the dry goods store of Stephen Hyatt, No. 143 Chatham street, was broken open and robbed of goods to the amount of \$300. On Friday evening last, Merritt, Ho-man and Sparks arrested James Miller alias Laycost, and James Burrows, who proved to be thieves, and recovered all the goods, consisting of cloths and silks—not, however, till Miller and Burrows had each fitted themselves with a fine suit of black, and each an overcoat of fine green cloth.

Tuesday.—Mr. J. Monarque, who keeps a store at No. 204 Greenwich street, brought to the police yesterday his clerk, named Frederick Bronner, under the following suspicious circumstances:—He had frequently, as he supposed, missed money from his drawer, and his suspicions, which were soon confirmed, were fixed upon his clerk Bronner. He devised the following scheme to detect the thief, whoever he might be, and succeeded to his fullest expectation. Mr. Monarque desired his sister-in-law to go to the store, and purchase and pay for some articles. She went accordingly, and made purchases to the amount of \$7 87, and paid Bronner in silver—Bronner immediately took the money and paid a debt of his own. When Mr. Monarque came in, he desired to know if any sales had been made, to which Bronner replied that none had been made. Mr. Monarque immediately knew that Bronner was the guilty person, and he accordingly brought him up. On his examination he confessed that he had taken the money and used it, but that he had intended to replace it out of his own money. He was held to bail in the sum of \$200, which being procured, he was discharged.

On Monday night, some graceless rogues broke into the vestry room of St. Thomas's Church, and stole therefrom 2 black silk gowns, (clergyman's) 1 silk scarf, some handkerchiefs, a table cloth, and a napkin, which latter were used on the sacramental table—also, a black frock coat, the property of Dr. Hawkes. Mr. Dugan, the sexton, has suspicions of three men who are employed to carry away the ashes, but they have not yet been arrested. Their operations upon the door proved that they were not very cunning burglars, as the only tools they used were an old chisel and jack knife—their object, no doubt, was silver, but they were disappointed.

UPPER POLICE.—On Monday night, officer Morris of the Upper Police, arrested a mulatto girl named Eliza Davis, alias Williams, with a quantity of stolen goods in her possession. Among them were some calicoes, which were claimed yesterday morning by the owner, from whose store they had been stolen. A piece of silk and a fine merino shawl remain at the office awaiting an owner. On her examination she resolutely denied any knowledge of the articles in question, but as facts were too strong to allow of discredit, she was committed.

On the same evening, a horse and sleigh was stopped under suspicious circumstances, as they were in possession of a most noted thief named James Lawrence. While the officer was putting the jaded horse into the stable, Lawrence made his escape, and has not since been retaken. The horse is a chestnut brown, with one white foot, and appeared to have been the property of a physician.

On Monday, 15th inst. officer T. M. Tompkins, of the Upper Police, discovered a lot of domestic carpeting, apparently stolen from some house, as it had been partly cut and partly torn from the floor. It is now at the Upper Police awaiting an owner, where it may be had by proving property.

THE NEW YORK BEE, a new penny paper, began buzzing yesterday. It is published by Kinsley, 127 Nassau street. It is a very neatly printed paper with a large wood cut on the first page, and has only one fault—"it is all head and no sting." A change of weather may fetch the latter article out.

COUNTERMINING.—A curious project is on foot in New Jersey, to check the commercial current pressing onwards from Philadelphia to New York. It is to be effected by the State taking back the Camden and Amboy Charter, and advancing the rate of travel to \$4. It may have some effect.

COLONIZATION.—The Maryland Colored Colony on the Coast of Africa is quite civilized. It has built a fort, mounted a few rusty old guns—appointed constables—and justices of the peace. All they want now is a good hangman.

Who are the real publishers of Maria Monk?—What still harping on my daughter?

The Harpers have published Japhet in search of his Father, complete in a small volume for fifty cents. Cheap—cheap—cheap.

MARRIED.

On the 16th inst. at St. Thomas church, by the Rev. F. L. Hawks, D. D. He rev. N. G. Smith of the firm of Minor & Gambell, to Sarah A. J. a single daughter of the late Timothy R. Arch.

DIED.

On the 16th inst. Bridget, wife of Philip C. C. in the 30th year of her age.
On the 16th inst. John Jacob, only son of Andrew Wohlrahe, aged 14 months.